THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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[For the Vermont TRANSCRIPT.]

BONNIVARD.

The Swiss patriots have a glorious record. That of Bonnivard is brightest of all. Born in 1497, in the most abject poverty, and living at a time when all Switzerland was writhing under the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy, he was educated to the love of liberty. Maddened by the wrongs of his countrymen he gathered about him a little band of devoted followers, and with them pledged the freedom of their fatherland. With this firm resolve they made a bold dash on Geneva in 1530, and wrested it from the hands of the despot. They were subsequently overpowered by the superior forces of the Duke. Many of the brave patriots suffered cruel deaths. Bonnivard himself was thrust into the dungeon of the castle of Chillon. He remained there in solitary confinement for six long years, and was finally freed by some of his old comrades. The castle yet stands. There is the ring, and the pillar to which his chains were attached. The pavement on each side is worn in by the constant tread of his feet. It is a hallowed place. It teaches a lesson of patriotism to all the world; "it appeals from tyranny to God."

In the ring of gallant sabres,
In the cannon's husky roar,
In the braying of the trumpet,
In the agonies of war,
In the crash and fall of kingdoms,
Let him read the truth who can—
'There is nought on earth so sacred
As the right to be a man.'

Oh! our Bonnivards heroic,
Brave the fury of the flood,
Stand where men have quailed and stumbled,
Stand where mortals never stood,
Tear the fetters from their kinsmen,
Forge them into valiant swords,
Charm the nations on to glory
By the sweetness of a word.

Like the brooklets in the springtime
When they burst their crystal bars,
And go leaping gaily onward,
Underneath the quiet stars,
Till they mingle with the myriads
Of streamlets that are free,
And their silver ripples vanish
In the roaring of the sea.

So the nations that have suffered,
By the iron hand of wrong,
Move with fettered lips all breaking
Into jubilees of song.
And adown the mountains, valleys,
O'er the grotto, thro' the glen,
Sweeps the one resistless floodtide
Of emancipated men.

As the clouds that skirt the heavens
With their sheeny silver veil,
Are distilled from dark morasses,
And from waters rank and stale;
As the stars that brighten heaven,
As the flowers that sweeten earth,
In the darkness of the midnight
Have no heraldry of birth;

So the heaven appointed heroes,
Come from ways as dark as night;
From the tatters by the wayside
God is weaving robes of white;
From the manger, from the prison,
From the cell all stained with blood,
From the pangs of bitter sorrow,
Through the waste of fire and flood.

Through the throes of mortal anguish—
On to glory and the grave—
Come the men that loom to greatness,
Come the Bonnivards, the brave;
Come the saviors of republics,
Come the souls that do and dare,
With the name of God upon them,
By the angels written there.

June 1864.

Selected Miscellany.

THE INNOCENT CONVICT.

Monsieur Flammand, when a young man about five-and-twenty, was ordained priest at Paris a few months after Napoleon was banished to St. Helena; that is to say, about the year 1816. After his ordination he was appointed vicaire—what in England we should call curate—to one of the large churches in the capital; and four or five years later he was chosen by the archbishop of the diocese to be cure—what with us would be called rector—of a small country parish about ten leagues from Paris. In this village—the name of which I forget—he inhabited a small house close to the church, containing five rooms besides the kitchen. One of these rooms was the priest's study; in another he took his meals: in the third he slept; the fourth was the room of the old bonne, or housekeeper, who was his only servant; the fifth, fitted up with a bed and a few chairs, formed a spare room in which any brother clergyman coming from a distance, or any stranger who happened to visit the cure, could sleep. All the rooms were on the ground floor; in fact the house was merely a better kind of cottage. The room used as a spare room had been added to the rest of the house, and abutted out close to the main road which led to the village. It had one door which opened into the garden, and another which led into the study, or sitting room, next to which was the room in which the priest slept; the dining-room, the room in which the old bonne slept, and the kitchen, being all at the other side of the passage, which, as it were, cut the house in two.

One very cold winter's evening, shortly after dark, and in the midst of a snow-storm, a young peasant woman came to the priest's door, and besought the housekeeper for a lodging for the night. She said she was on her way to Paris to see her father, who was in service in that city, but she had wandered and lost her way in the snow-storm. She was not without means to pay for her lodging, but hoped Monsieur le Cure might kindly allow her to sleep in his kitchen for the night. It would not only save the the price of her bed, but be more respectable as a sojourn for a young unmarried woman than the auberge of the village. In country places in France, such applications to the clergy are by no means uncommon, and were still less so before railways had drawn all towns and localities much nearer each other. Moreover, at that time there was a considerable number of disbanded soldiers, and other loose characters, wandering about France; insomuch that no woman who could have avoided doing it, would have spent a night in a small village wine-shop, if she had any other place she could go to.

As a matter of course, the priest gave his consent that the traveller should stop the night in his house, and the spare room was got ready for her. The next morning the snow-storm was still so heavy that it was impossible for the woman to proceed on her journey, so she remained at the priest's helping the old bonne in her household work, and dining with the priest and housekeeper; in the evening she retired as before to the room which had been allotted to her.

The following morning, very early, there was an alarm through the village. A strange woman had been found murdered in the, priest's house. It appeared that a laborer who often attended to the priest's garden, and did other odd jobs about the place, went to the cure's before any one was awake, with the intention of shovelling the snow off the roof of the house. Not to disturb any one, he entered the spare room by the door which led into the garden, as he had left a spade in that room on a previous occasion, and did not know any one was lying there. To his astonishment he found a woman in the bed, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and evident marks of a struggle visible in her torn clothes and the disordered bed-clothes. The first thing he did was to call the priest, who appeared paralysed with fear and dismay. The mayor and other village authorities were then summoned, and quickly assembled in the room, in order to go through the forms which the law of France requires on such occasions. Near the bed of the murdered woman was found a razor, which was recognized as belonging to the priest, and with this weapon, which was covered with blood, the murder had no doubt been committed. The doctor of the village gave it as his opinion, that the unfortunate woman had been outraged before being murdered, and that she had been dead for some hours. There were footsteps of a man's foot discovered in the snow leading from the window of the room in which the priest slept, to the outside door of the room opening into the garden in which the murder had taken place, and these marks corresponded exactly in size with a pair of shoes which were found hidden under some rubbish in the garden, which were dirty as having been lately used, and were also spotted with blood. These shoes were recognized as belonging to the priest. In the same place a white cotton handkerchief, upon which some person had evidently wiped blood from his hands and fingers, was also found, and this also was proved to belong to the priest. The woman had not been murdered for the sake of whatever money or valuables she had about her, for her purse, containing three or four gold pieces and some silver, was found on a chair near the bed, and hanging round her neck were a small gold cross, and a silver box or case such as are used in Roman Catholic countries to contain relics. No person had been seen near the priest's house during the day or evening previous to the murder, and the old housekeeper declared that, during the night in which the deed had been committed, she had not heard any noise or struggle. But it was shown that, as her room was some distance from that in which the murdered woman had slept, she might not have heard what was taking place there, even if there had been a noise. It was, however, proved that the priest's room was so near the room in which the murder had taken place, that it was almost impossible for him not to have heard a disturbance there. The priest himself declared that he had slept sound, and had heard nothing. The shoes which were found in the garden he acknowledged to be his, but said they had been kept for some considerable time in a cupboard in the room where the murdered woman had slept, as they were a pair which he did not use in the winter months. The handkerchief he also said was his, but declared that, on the previous evening at supper, he had lent it to the woman, who had told him she had none of her own, to tie round her head during the night. He could not account for the razor being found in the room. Altogether, the evidence against him was considered so strong that he was sent to prison, and, in due time, was brought to trial, on the accusation of having outraged and then murdered the woman who had slept in his house.

In those days the public feeling and prejudice against priests were very strong in France. Moreover, then as now, every man put on his trial in that country was considered guilty until he could prove himself innocent. The priest was tried, cross-questioned, badgered, and questioned again, until he hardly knew what he said or what he denied. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial, but it was strongly adverse. Moreover, it came out—or was brought to light by the Procureur Royal—that, long ago, ten years before he became a priest, when he was a mere boy, he had been strongly suspected of an intrigue with a married woman. Of course, this fact—which, in England, would not for a moment have been admitted in evidence—was made the most of. To make a long story short, he was found guilty of both charges and condemned to death, from which he was saved at the last moment by court influence, as the Bourbons, who were then in power, disliked the idea of a priest suffering an ignominious death on the scaffold. His sentence was commuted to the galleys for life, and he was sent off a condemned felon, to work in chains for the rest of his days in the Bagne at Brest.

This unfortunate man was chained to a prisoner convicted of most atrocious crimes, and, day or night, night or day, the chain that linked these two together was never undone. The blasphemy which sounded all day and every day in his ears, was augmented tenfold by the miscreants who surrounded him when they discovered that he had been, and, indeed, was yet, a minister of religion. By day, in cold, or wet, or heat, he had to toil at the dockyards at work, which he had neither the strength of body to endure, nor the knowledge how to make the best of it. Blows and oaths from the prisoners' warders were amongst the least of the evils he had to submit to in mute despair. All prisoners condemned in France to the galleys were treated not only worse than the brutes that perish, but as if the chief end and aim of their punishment were to harden them in vice, and make them reckless of the laws of God and man. But this unfortunate priest was treated far worse than the others, for he was the everlasting butt and at him were levied all the most horrible jokes, of all his fellow-prisoners.

How he endured this existence, after his peaceful life as a country parish priest seems little short of a miracle. And yet he did endure it, not only for a few, but for more than four-and-twenty years. He had been all that time a condemned galley-slave, when a soldier in one of the French colonies, being on his death-bed, confessed, first in private to a priest, and afterwards publicly before the authorities, how he was the real culprit who had committed the crime for which poor Monsieur Flammand had been judged guilty. He gave full and particular details how he had entered the room where the girl slept, with the intention of stealing whatever he could find. How he had found the woman sleeping there. Had committed the double crime of which the priest had been accused, and had used the shoes, which he found in the cupboard, for the purpose of throwing suspicion on the priest, making it appear as if the latter had walked from his own window across the garden to the door of the girl's room. The handkerchief he declared he had found on the bed, but did not know that it belonged to the priest. The razor he declared he had found in the same cupboard as the shoes, and feeling sure that it must belong to the priest, had, after murdering the girl with it, purposely left it in a conspicuous place, so as to cause people to believe that the foul deed had been committed by the priest. All he cared for at the time, he said, was to divert the scent of justice from himself. He was a native of the place where the murder took place, and had a few hours after committing the crime, formed one of the crowd that went to the priest's house, where he was one of the loudest to declare that it must have been the priest, and no other, who murdered the unhappy woman. He had shortly after left his native place, taken service as a substitute in the army, and, after some twenty-four years' service, did, on his death-bed, make the confession which exonerated Monsieur Flammand.

As a matter of course, the poor priest was in due time released from the Bagne, and restored to all his civil rights. His bishop offered several times to reinstate him in a parish, but he invariably, respectfully and firmly, declined. The reason he gave was, that the twenty-four years spent among the convicts at Brest had rendered him unfit and unworthy ever to officiate again at the altar. He continued a most devoutly religious man, but said that if God spared his life to the utmost age given unto man, it would barely suffice to purify his soul from the moral contagion of that hell upon earth, the Bagne. He retired to a part of France where he was not known, and, although he dressed as the French clergy do when not officiating in the church, he never entered a church save as the humblest layman might have done. He never told his story but to one or two intimate friends. When I knew him he had been set at liberty some eight or nine years, and not long ago I heard that he was dead.

—Seed Corn hung up and smoked will protect it from animals and birds.

THE SICK MAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

Buzz, buzz—whisper, whisper,—came from an adjoining room, until I thought I should be distracted.

"Can't live long," said one watcher.

"What will become of his poor wife and children!" said the other.

I groaned audibly, which brought my two watchers to my bedside.

"Are you in great distress?" said number one, holding a lamp in my face, and taking my hand in his. Then examining my nails, he gave number two a knowing look, which did not escape my weak eyes. "Prepare," said he, a "table-spoonful of brandy in some water, with a little nutmeg."

Now nutmeg was always my detestation, anywhere and at any time; and brandy I had resolved never to taste again. So with this dose in prospect I groaned again, determined to upset it when it was placed to my lips. But I had no power to raise my hand; so I let it run from my mouth,—I didn't care where.

"Can't swallow," said number one.

"I thought 'twas no use to fix it," said number two; "guess he's had his last drink,"—placing the glass upon the table with the exclamation, "O, dear, what would his mother say if she only knew how sick he was! I wish she was here, for I don't believe his wife knows anything about sickness. She's just as calm as though he were at work in the field; and I don't see how she could leave him to-night, and go to bed. You wouldn't catch my wife doing it. Day and night she sticks right by, and I've no doubt she's saved me from a fever."

This was as much as I could bear. But instead of making me feel that I was going to die that night or the next, a sort of determination sprang up that I *would* live, God helping me; and the only reason that I did not send them both out of the house, when they commented upon my wife's doings, was my complete prostration; I knew from this that I had been, and still was very sick; and there is only an indistinct remembrance of the remainder of the night. There seemed to be, whether sleeping or waking, that constant buzz in my ears, with dreams of battle-fields, where my poor wife and children were overthrown and trampled under foot.

When the physician called in the morning he spoke of more fever and a bad pulse; said I must keep quiet, see no company,—and I know not what else. I never shall forget that day. The silence was just the medicine which my exhausted system needed. but the dread of the night-watchers haunted me,—I wanted to be alone,—to rest. I didn't care if it thundered or lightened, or if the roof of the house was taken off; it could not be half so bad as that intolerable whispering.

"Mary," I said to my wife, as she came to me with her loving inquiries, —"do not leave me another night. These watchers will kill me; I cannot have them again."

She told me she would not have left me, but she could keep awake no longer. She tried to convince me that they were very necessary, and that I could not take care of myself. I told her if she would stay in the same room, and sleep without watching me, I should be quite well in the morning. She promised me that I should not be disturbed,—that she would not leave me. I then slept a long, quiet sleep, and awoke quite refreshed.

Perhaps others are more fortunate in their watchers than I was. If not, I would advise them to stay alone with no one within breathing distance, rather than to listen to such ominous intimations,—to say nothing of the rattling of newspapers, the squeaking of boots, the eating of the midnight lunch, and the snoring, during the remainder of the night,—while you turn watcher instead, wondering when the dawning *will* come to send them home.

The social nature, or the nervous temperament of some may be such that they will crave the presence of company without realizing its injurious effects, even after the exhaustion produced by the raging fever. And some possess the rare quality of knowing how to watch with the sick. You cannot tell how it is done; but there is a pervading quiet all around you. You need not think for yourself or anybody else.

One good lady took care of me occasionally, whose soothing attentions seemed like an angel's—leaving her wings outside, lest their rustle should disturb me! With her I had no apprehension,—no annoyance of any kind. Drink and medicine were always taken readily when they came from her hand. Quite the reverse was another person, called a *nurse*, who was with me during a short illness of my wife. Had she come at an earlier period of my sickness she would have been my death. Her first care was,—*herself*. Day and night she tried to entertain me with various episodes of her life, particularly those in which there had been a call for patience and self-denial; giving me to understand, in various ways, that my improvement depended upon the exercise of these same virtues. Her attendance was by no means calculated to improve my Christian temper or the condition of my body, and never shall I forget the relief which I felt, when the carriage which took her away left the house.

The experience which I gained during that fever has been worth much to every member of my family who has been afflicted with any sickness since. To remove all annoyances from whatever source,—adapting care and treatment to each peculiar temperament, as affected by disease, is the secret of all successful nursing.

"NICE GIRLS."

BY A BACHELOR.

To my mind there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so lovable as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl; or an elegant girl, but a "nice girl;" one of those lively good tempered, good hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not the languishing beauty, who dawdles on a sofa and talks of the last new novel, or the last opera; of the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an effect by sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not known a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel-reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there she does not think it necessary to show her shoulders; but sits generally away in the back of the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home." Who is it that rises first in the morning and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mamma's tea, and puts buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes every thing bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar? What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the "finest girl," but takes the initiative herself and kisses the boys one after the other, with an audible "smack" which says aloud, "I love you, ever so much." If ever I coveted anything in my life, it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl." She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from the bob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is running up and down-stairs, always doing, and always cheerful and light-hearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together, and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl," is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck-ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," or "c-c's"—those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are to tally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *beau ideal*—or, should it be in this case, *belle ideal?*—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and a well shaped ankle in conjunction with a clean, white petticoat, and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint. Young men, is it not so? Yes, you confess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we like to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay, that is too cold a word—I love the "nice girl!" Under every condition, every aspect, save one—that one is the condition of matrimony. When I hear that one of the "nice girls" of my acquaintance is about to be married—about to be monopolized by some jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly sister who is to be bridesmaid, I come over faint and sick at heart. Where "nice girls" dwell it should be written up, as on gates of choice gardens, "Do not pick the flowers." Oh, it is horrid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman come in and take her away into a corner for the rest of the evening. I may not waltz with her now; I may not catch her at blind-man's buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the leaves as she sings "Auld Robin," even though it were Christmas time; I may not any more kiss her under the mistletoe; I may not even look at her! There is that horrid, spruce man with whiskers glowering at me as if he would eat me. I sigh as the remembrance comes over me of the many "nice girls" who have thus been torn, ruthlessly torn, from me by spruce and, I am sure, stupid men in whiskers. Why, why are there such things as spruced men with whiskers? I am sure we should get on much better without them.

I cannot bear to think of a "nice girl" getting married. I cannot contemplate with patience what she is about to become. What is she about to become? She is about to become the slave of one man. In less than a year her figure will be eternally spoilt. In less than a year she will wear sloppy dresses and wrappers of a morning. She will leave off garters, and her stockings will hang loose. She will lose the bloom in her cheek and the merry twinkle in her eye. She will have a baby, and smell sour. I say I cannot contemplate this spectacle with patience. I once visited one, who had been a "nice girl," a year or two after her marriage. The figure which she presented shocked me. I could have cried with vexation; and I am sure if her husband had come in, I should have kicked him. I have resolved never to go through such an ordeal again. When a "nice girl" marries now, I have done with her forever.

You may wonder why, since I am such an admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one my own—why, in fact, I have never married one. I have loved, admired, and adored them too much for that. I could no more marry a "nice girl" than I could willfully trample down a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered it, and still do consider it, a crime, little short of sacrilege, to marry a "nice girl," Who but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with his back to the fire and monopolize all the heat? To the man who attempts to marry a "nice girl," I say as Diogenes said to Alexander "Get out of my sun."

Marry a "nice girl!" Never! I know how it would be. No man is a hero to his *valet de-chambre*, and no husband, I am sure, is a fine man in his wife's eyes after she has mended his socks and put patches in his drawers. On the other hand I am certain there must be a horrid disenchantment about a skimp flannel petticoat, and cotton night cap with frills.

No; let the "nice girl" alone. Let her be the life and sunshine of "Home" forever. Let as many hearts pine away and die for her as will: I am ready to pine and die with the rest. But, oh, change not Miss into Mrs.! rob her not of her girlishness and symplicity; pollute not the gushing fountain of her love, which flows for all and falls like dew upon the world. Let her be "nice girl" forever; for such as she never grow old or lose the power to charm. If you must marry, marry the beauty—the flirt—the clever girl—the dashing girl—any kind of girl, but leave me, oh, leave me the "nice girl." For her sake I will live a bachelor to the end of my days; and when I die, I desire nothing better than to have such a one to watch over me and close my eyes.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.—Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of forcing or too much of display, ruins their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together and to win them to a love of the flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or a tuft of lilies is dead, but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story that the very same violet is blooming sweeter than ever upon some far-away in the hillside. So you, child, if the Great Master lifts you from us shall bloom—as God is good—on some richer, sunnier ground.

We talk thus; but, if the change really comes, it is more grievous than the light of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets, will never search them. She, whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths, will never open them again. She whose feet would have danced along the new wood-path, carrying joy and merriment into its shadowy depths, will never set foot upon these walks again!

What matter how the brambles grow?—her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken paling by the water?—she will never topple over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now—the little hand that might have stolen possession of it is still and fast! God has it.

And when spring awakens all its echoes; of wren's song, of the bluebirds warble, of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo' (she daintly called her "mistress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we lifting the blue eyes, shaking back the curls, dancing to the melody! And when the violets repeat the sweet lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrance on the air again the blue little spirit that welcomed them is still forever in the silence of the grave.

☞ The habit some youths of the present day have of conducting themselves at concerts and places of amusemeni is a very bad one. Loud whispering, violent applause in wrong places, interrupting those who wish to hear, and disturbing the singers; and gathering about the doors at an early hour, and making loud remarks on ladies and gentlemen entering the hall, are all wrong. In fact, this boy nuisance keeps many respectable people away from amusements.—*Plattsburgh Republican.*

GUMPTION.—If there is any quality which is absolutely necessary to success and happiness, that quality is gumption; and of all unfortunate and to be pitied individuals, the most unfortunate and to be pitied, are those who lack this inestimable blessing. Not that there is anything bad about such people. Indeed, they are generally well meaning, but "they haven't any gumption." That's all one can say about it. No other expression, no elaborate description even, can convey to the mind the precise condition of the class referred to. It would be a hard matter, in fact, to define gumption, yet every one knows just what it means; it would be hard to point out just what is lacking in those who do not possess it, yet every one is aware of the deficiency except the individuals themselves.

If we might venture into the domain of mental science, we should say that gumption is a faculty of the mind somewhat akin to original suggestion; a sort of instinct; a sixth sense, it may be, inclining now to tact, now to common sense, according as it is more or less symmetrically developed.

The unfortunate individuals who lack gumption seem to fail chiefly in a due appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. They have no proper sense of where things belong, no idea of the awkward and the ridiculous. They do the right things often enough, but always at the wrong time. They seem to have genius for getting things by the wrong handle. They will bring you the sheep-shears to cut a piece of Florence silk, or a pair of embroidery scissors to cut a hemp rope. Invite them to call, and they will be sure to come in the morning—most likely on washing day. If they have an engagement, they will be prompt enough, unless the business is pressing, in which case it is as morally certain that they will be late as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

But we may as well be patient, and call it an infirmity of poor human nature. It seems to be the province of some people to get things bottom side up, wrong side to, and inside out. They are like a lathe out of order. When the power is applied, no one short of a genuine prophet can tell whether it will turn out a butter bowl or a broom handle. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured. If there is a chance to get out of place, they will find it; if it is possible to make an awkward blunder they will demonstrate it; and if a thing can be misunderstood, or misrepresented, they are just the ones to do it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GREASE FOR LEATHER.—In smearing leather with oil we aim not only at making the leather pliant, but also at making it water-proof. Train oil is often used for this purpose, but no fat gives more imperfect results, for while no liquid fat is suited to render leather permanently water-proof, train oil possesses this characteristic, that after a while it dries up and then the leather becomes brittle. Hog's lard is admirably adapted to secure both objects, pliability and impermeability to water; it renders the leather perfectly pliant and no water can penetrate it. It is especially suitable for greasing boots and shoes; but in the summer season an eighth part of tallow should be melted with it. It should be laid on when in a melted condition; but not warmer than one's finger dipped in the mass can bear. When it is first applied to a boot or shoe the leather should be previously soaked in water that it may swell up so that the pores can open well and thoroughly absorb the lard. The liquid lard should be smeared over the article to be waterproofed, at least three or four times, and sole leather oftener still. Afterward the lard remaining visible on the outside should be wiped off with a rag. By this means you may have a waterproof boot or shoe, without the annoyance caused by most stuffs penetrating the leather and greasing the stockings. An occasional coating of hog's lard is also to be recommended for patent leather boots or shoes, as it prevents the leather from cracking, and if it be not rubbed in too strongly the leather will shine just as well after the grease has been applied.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

IS THERE ANYTHING IN A NAME?—The Springfield *Republican* asks, "Were you ever ashamed of the names of some of our battle-fields? and adds:—

"Not Northern mudsills, but Southern chivalry, are responsible for such names as these,—they are genuine and historical: Bull Run, Snicker's Gap, Slaughter's Mountain, Polecat Station, Gum Neck, Nigger-foot Road, Buzzard's Roost Pass, Cockeysville, Scuffletown, Skinner's Neck, Mob Jack Back, Yellow Tavern, Hardscrabble Town, Snaketown, Jericho Marsh, Piping Tree, Pumpkinvine Creek, Ox Neck, Guinea's Branch, Snake River Hollow."

We acknowledge that these names are not melodius and do not flow smoothly from the tongue, but time will wear away much of their quaintness and vulgarity. Thermopylae only signified "Hot Gates" in the vernacular of the Greeks; and even now Snicker's Gap would not suggest to a Frenchman anything like a cachinnation.

☞ Marseilles has suddenly become a great cotton market. From the increased cultivation of cotton in Egypt, Turkey, Italy and other countries in the Mediterranean, it seems destined to supersede Havre and to become a second Liverpool.

—Cabbage is greatly extolled in England for feeding milch cows, store cattle, sheep and swine. An acre will produce 25 tons.